



KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



"DROP IT!"



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:
PUCK BUILDING,
Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00
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INCL. POSTAGE. "62"

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR's death ends a life which may be said to have been illustrious only by accident. Six years ago he was a professional politician of the second or third class, the associate of all the low "workers" who misgovern our city. He was nominated for the vice-presidency against the protest of the best men in his party. He was elected because the law provided no means for "scratching" him. When the President died, in the first year of his term of office, there was general consternation among respectable people at the thought that Chester A. Arthur was to take his place. Yet he took the place, and so conducted himself in it that he won the esteem and respect of the whole country. He was not an ideal president, perhaps; he had no great principles, no profound convictions; but he was honest, conservative and dignified, and he showed an intelligent understanding of public questions. He put aside his old counselors, and his new advisers, though they were not always chosen with discretion, were of a better and more responsible class. He made his mistakes; but, in the main, he served the people well. He went out of office well-liked by the fair-minded of both parties, and his private life thereafter was quiet and dignified. His death awakens a feeling of genuine sorrow.

It is bitterer than aloes, bitterer than wormwood, more bitter even than gall to the blainiac political speculators to see the growing esteem in which President Cleveland is held by the American people. They can not understand it. It is something new to them, in its nature and

its manifestations. How is it, they ask, that Mr. Cleveland can go to Harvard College, the very home of enlightened Republicanism, and be received with special honors, addressed to him not merely because of his official position, but as a tribute to his personal character? Why is it that the people go wild over him as he rides through the streets? Why is it that James Russell Lowell, a Republican, who resigned his office at Mr. Cleveland's wish, pays the Democratic President a warm and graceful compliment—yes, and quotes Latin for him, too? Did not Mr. Lowell call him "*justum et tenacem propositi virum*"? That must stick in Mr. John A. Logan's crop. And even the good Edmunds, who understands what it means, must have a twinge when he hears that the moderator of "senatorial privilege" is *tenax propositi*. For it is apt, is it not, dear friend from Vermont?

* * *

But this sort of thing is not at all the sort of thing that the blainiacs have been using in the way of enthusiasm. For years they have been educating the decent voters of their party to leave politics alone except at election times. And then the enthusiasm was to be laid out for them, according to the regular blainiac receipt. The postmasters and the tax-collectors and the office-holders generally were to shout for the candidate, and the plain, unofficial voter was to drop his ballots as he was directed by the shouting. If he choose to add to the volume of the noise, he might do it. But the idea was to have the shouting done for him. All he had to do was to vote for his party's candidate, whom he had not chosen, and whose virtue, wisdom and eminent fitness he might not dare to doubt.

* * *

But here are people — Republicans, too — actually coming out of doors to declare publicly that they admire a Democratic president — a president elected by Mugwump votes! The thing is unheard of! Is it possible that the citizens of this country have taken to making up their minds without the dictation of the party press and the party managers? Do they think that a man, not being a postmaster or otherwise an office-holder, really has a right to choose his president? What manner of revolt is this against all old partisan traditions? And how comes it to have spread over all the country, so that you may see signs of it in every

state? The holy influences of this beautiful season; the sweet emanations of the gracious day of Thanksgiving are clouded for the blainiac by the news from Harvard — and elsewhere.

There are some indications dimly visible that the American workingman is getting tired of being ordered about by the foreign loafer. The late renewal of the struggle in Chicago between the conservative and the anarchist elements among the Knights of Labor, is one of these indications. The dealings of the men on the Fifth Avenue stages with their employers show still more clearly that the professional labor agitator is not having things all his own way. He will not be overthrown just yet; he has a paying place, and he will stick to his job. But the workmen proper, the real workmen, are beginning to see that they have given up their personal liberty for a very sour mess of pottage. When they have absolutely grasped this fact, they may be trusted to take care of their oppressors after their own fashion. The labor agitator needs, in fact, only a sufficiency of rope to hang himself neatly, if not expeditiously.

Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, packed his good old carpet-bag and left Cambridge in dire dudgeon, before the late Harvard celebration was over. He says he left because Princeton was overlooked in the dealing out of honorary degrees. This sounds a good deal like the small boy who "won't play" because he can't have a bite of the apple that is going round among the others. But this is not the only reason. Dr. Holmes's Harvard poem cast aspersions upon Andover, and the McCosh thought Princeton was meant. To confess to such a misunderstanding seems to us to reflect upon the McCoshic intellect, which we have always understood to be superior to the combined brains of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley and John Stuart Mill. But, granting the mistake to have been made, there was no occasion for the great McCosh to be rude to the gentle old Autocrat. And when the mistake was corrected, Dr. Holmes should have had a prompt and full apology. He has had none. It is hard to think that anybody would be rude to the dear, lovable, kindly-souled old gentleman who is the best beloved of all our men of letters. But, great Jupiter! fancy the McCosh being rude to him!

FINE SCENERY.



"Why, I am told, my dear friends," said a temperance orator in a low, earnest tone: "that sixteen thousand liquor saloons are in sight of Trinity Church steeple. Now, what do you think of that?" A voice from near the entrance replied: "It's wuth climbin' (hic) up the stairs to see."

MRS GROVER CLEVELAND has been so kind as to sit for her Portrait to Mr. J. Keppler, and a large lithographic reproduction (from 10 Color-Plates) of Mr. Keppler's water-color painting will be given with the

CHRISTMAS PUCK.

This is the Only Portrait of Mrs. Cleveland that is drawn from life.

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK — 32 pages—appears the last week in November, and contains 4 cartoons on social subjects, really elaborate and artistic in execution.

THE LETTER-PRESS will be of high literary merit, and will be illustrated with 100 engravings, printed in soft, delicate shades of color.

THE PRICE is 30 cts., of all news-dealers, or you may send to Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York, for

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.

IN THE INGLE-NOOK.



[Young Spindrift Smythe has escorted Miss Marshall-Neal home from the theatre party, and has apparently taken root in his chair.]

MISS MARSHALL-NEAL.—You don't know how much I enjoyed the play last night!

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE TURKEY.—A THANKSGIVING FANTASY.



ORNITHOLOGY has a prominent place in literature and a stronghold upon the human fancy. The lilting strains of the night-ingle long ago awakened a responsive chord in the poet's heart; the prowess of the eagle has been duly celebrated, and a bad effigy of him circulated upon the almighty dollar; the clarion-notes of chanticleer proclaim that peace hath her victories, and that another seat in Congress has been lost; and the metropolitan milliner, improving on Homer, continues to send forth winged bonnets. But, in the field of Applied Ornithology, no bird more richly deserves to be lifted up in glorious apotheosis than the great American turkey—the beautiful symbol of sublime and philanthropic martyrdom.

The turkey would be the perfection of physical beauty, were not its shapely head and graceful neck marred by an ugly scrofulous affection handed down through generations of dissolute gobblers. The excellent anatomical features of the bird have been much dissected and admired. And here I should mention that the turkey wears its stomach hanging like a bag on the outside, where it can not trouble its owner with indigestion, and will still be in easy reach.

Owing to this happy arrangement, turkeys should be singularly light-hearted, and free from morbid imaginings. But they are not.

They have an air of settled melancholy, as if dimly conscious of an evil divination shadowed forth in the frequency of the inauspicious entrail. They need not be up in classical haruspicy or Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" to dislike the appearance of a detached turkey-vital. I maintain that turkeys are habitually sad, and that the gobbler's self-complacent ecstasies are but a fitful reaction.

There is a far-away look in the turkey-hen's eye as she elevates her head above the tall weeds, and gazes regretfully at the fading landscape. There is a tremor in her voice as she pipes her sad refrain. As she peers through the haze of Indian summer into the dim vista of the future, her mental horizon is darkened by the spectre of an Ethiopian Nemesis—the cook; and as the brown leaves of November rustle past her, she mournfully thinks of the time when she, too, will be done up brown.

Follow me, benighted reader, in an excursion of the imagination, and I will show you a picture whose dramatic pathos ought to convert the most enthusiastic gourmand into an enlightened Grahamite.

See yon graceful turkey-hen who has just reached the joyous fruition of her turkeyhood. See her wistfully looking out from behind her prison-bars like a Charlotte Corday. Does she not seem to pine for the tender care of buxom Jenny at the farm? As she attempts to reconnoitre, see her fair, queenly young neck lacerated by the wires of the crowded market-coop, which combines the salubrity of the Black Hole of Calcutta with the incidents of the Brooklyn Bridge panic.

See her swooning from shame and vertigo as she is subjected to the indignity of being suspended by her right leg from the hand of the market-boy. How it would wring Jenny's heart!

Notice her saintly demeanor, as her public career is about to be abridged by the manipulation of the domestic axe, or the thug-like dexterity of the black priestess of Epicurus. At the supreme moment, see her calmly bare that slender neck to the blade with the resigned fortitude of a Marie Antoinette, and heroically submit to the amputation of her head—conscious that the bloody trophy will be quickly seized by the terrier, an interested and spell-bound spectator—conscious that her throbbing bosom will soon be food for ghouls!

A moment of suspense—she thinks of her mother's wing, of her roosting-bough in the old cedar—of Jenny with her apron full of corn—and then her disembodied ghost goes shivering out in the ether to join the noble army of martyrs, and to pick up ambrosial tid-bits from the stubble of the Elysian Fields.

See the truncated and desecrated corse as it goes through the preliminary stages of cremation, and the ghastly deed consummated by Thanksgiving orgies; and then tell me, you weather-beaten, butchering old Druid, if a few pangs do not puncture the seat of your feelings.

If not, may your heart remorsefully palpitate like a snare-drum under the phantom strokes of a devoured drum-stick, and may the "Gobble Duet" haunt you like the wail of a victim's wraith!

I would also protest against a style of fiction which not only heartlessly regards the fate of the turkey as a matter of grim humor, but audaciously makes a clean breast of it, and I hope the regulation Thanksgiving story of this season will now fall flat.

EUREKA BENDALL.





COMPLAINTS FROM AN INVENTOR.

GENTLE READER: Did you ever invent? Did you ever seek to advance the civilization of a cold unfeeling world by discovering a tomato-seeder or a cherry-peeler or a new automatic, self-acting pie-opener? Then don't. All the inventions have been made. The collection was finished during the administration of King Solomon, who, you recollect, notified the country that there was no longer anything new under the sun. It may be that in the bright realms of light on the far side of our chief illuminator there will be some show for the poor inventor. King Solomon does not speak definitely concerning the novelties there extant. But during your residence in these subsolar localities, if you want to preserve a *mens sana in corpore sano*, and, at the same time, keep up your health, take warning by me. Hear my melancholy autobiography, and then go out and swear yourself on a Patent-Office report never to invent.

When I was a younger and richer man, I had the misfortune to get hold of an idea. Not many young men have ideas, I must admit; but I always was an unfortunate cuss, and this idea that I stumbled across was a genuine original idea of my own, "hand-painted" on both sides, and highly patentable. A certain man who shall be nameless, but whom I had every reason to suppose was my friend, a man bound to me by a thousand favors I had received at his hand, this Dick Caveat, with base ingratitude, persuaded me to take out a patent.

RETURNING FROM SAN FRANCISCO.



CITIZEN.—Great fight, was n't it?
PARSON (returning from Convention of Anti-Vice Society).—It was, indeed, and we carried our points unanimously.
CITIZEN.—Collar many Scads on John?
PARSON (not understanding Vernacular).—No; we devoted considerable attention to Mark and Luke, though.
CITIZEN.—When 's that a comin' off?

I am not going to tell you what my invention was. No; I have no desire to have any one throw down this paper, and write to me that I have infringed on his auto-adjudicating slick-slider. I have had enough such letters. Suffice it to say that my machine did its work, did it effectually, and when it was once fairly started, it was not seven minutes before every fly, bed-bug, cockroach and other animal that came into collision with it was wafted beyond that bourn whence no traveler returns to tell who hit him. If, however, any one should guess from the hint above delicately ejected, to what use my Universal Exterminator might be applied, I beg that he will hear me to the end before writing to threaten me with suit for infringement. Though, if write he must, I will forgive him. I am getting used to it now. There is scarcely anything that I can not get used to in time, except money—I have never gotten used to money yet; there is always a pleasing novelty to me about a dollar.

The first letter I received after taking out my patent was from an individual who post-marked himself from Portland, Maine. I had infringed, he said, on his patent hydraulic Rat-Enticer; and if I dared to manufacture under my patent he would immediately institute suit for \$10,000 damages. The next was from a creature in New York, who said I had infringed on his Rough-on-Crotons, and making a similar threat of suit. The same day I received a letter from the inventor of a combined Mosquito-Masher and Cockroach-Squeezer. After that the letters poured in on me every day. They were various in form; but the meaning was the same old meaning, fried over, as it were, from the day before.

At first I tried to answer these letters, and point out to the threatening inventors wherein my idea and its application differed from their devices. But one day there came an epistle that discouraged me. It was couched in very general terms, applicable to almost any case, and was done on a hectograph in purple ink with my name filled in by a type-writer in blue. It was from the inventor of a segmental-gear-wheel Wire-Twister—damages \$123,456. I cried over that letter, to think of the baseness of the human heart, to think that any man should be capable of trying to so deceive me with a hectograph circular.

I did not answer that man. I recognized the fact that if I had the type-writer and the hectograph to contend against, it was more than even my facile pen was equal to. There was, moreover, the difficulty of pointing out exactly wherein my invention differed from his, seeing there was not a single point of resemblance. Since then I have had the same difficulty in answering letters from inventors of trigger-bell Animal Traps, spiral-wire Pie-Lifters, flexible-rubber Umbrella-Drip-Cups, harness Snap-Hooks, and rubber-jaw Horse-Tail-Supporters.

I don't think I shall ever invent again. I shall live on the money I used to spend for postage-stamps. I have become a patent lawyer. I thrive on the misfortunes of others. If you must invent, give me a call.

E. A. PRATT.

SENATOR VANCE calls his summer-home "Gombroon," and his children are afraid to go out after dark.

LISZT is to have one more bust, modeled by Ezekiel, the sculptor. There is no woman in the case this time, as Ezekiel is a man.

GOING UNHANDICAPPED.



GRANDMAMMA (to granddaughter).—You have n't your engagement-ring on, my dear.
ANGELINA.—Yes, gran'ma; but George is away, you know, and the engagement is a secret as yet, and—and I do so want to enjoy myself at the party to-night.

A RECENT CABLE dispatch says that Patti is indisposed, but leaves us distressingly in the dark regarding Nicolini's physical condition. Can not something be done to improve the Atlantic Ocean cable-service?

CLAUS SPRECKLES has returned all the decorations conferred on him by King Kalakaua, and there is a superb opening for a pawnbroker at Honolulu.

THE HEATHEN GHOST'S LAMENT.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE ANDOVER PROFESSORS.



FROM all eternity predestined
By a stern, inflexible will,
To refuse to hear a message
Which is hidden from me still;
Though I could n't hearken to it
Since I never heard it preached,
And my destiny forbade it
Even had it to me reached;
Now, alas! I find my station
In a lake of endless fire,
Doomed to merciless damnation,
Tortures terrible and dire!

What's my crime I can't discover,
Tho' I've thought and thought it over,
Unless *this* be my fatal sin,
That ere the world did first begin,

And long before my own creation,
I studied not my future fate
Nor sought its rigor to abate
By pleading for annihilation!
But now, O! woe and endless horror!
Too late to interpose demurrer,
My doom is Sheol's burning vault—
I've let the case go by default.

Those men who hold the key of heaven,
Those ancient Andover professors,
In mercy have their fiat given
Worthy of a slave's oppressors!
Because we've heard of no probation
After death, for soul of man,
In Sheol you must keep your station
And get along as best you can.
But hark, grave men, nor seek to tell us
All the things you've never heard of;
Lest you, like me, be damned for doubting
Things you never dreamed a word of.

E. FRANK LINTABER.

SNED SKINFLINT'S SCHEME.

THE other morning, just as the rising sun made the frost on the grass twinkle like a crust of diamonds, and the cock had succeeded in crowing his throat clear, old Uncle Skinflint, a Jersey hayseed, called upon his son:



"Reuel, catch the bull-dog!"

Old Uncle Skinflint looked proudly at his son, as he vanished like an umbrella around the corner of the house. In the course of ten minutes he returned with a large bull-terrier with wicked eyes and jaws that fairly flamed.

Old Uncle Skinflint tied the dog's legs and called for the family pincers. When they were brought, the old farmer held the dog's head firmly between his knees, and, in spite of his howling and writhing, pulled every tooth out of his head.

Then he set the dog free, and it was funny to observe the expression of his mouth as he jumped into the air to grab the bone tossed to him by kind-hearted Mrs. Skinflint.

"Sned Skinflint," observed the farmer's wife, when she noticed what was the matter with the dog, and saw her husband wiping the pincers on the grass: "I jest wanter know what you've been a-doin'."

"Never you mind, Emmeline," he replied, as he drew his entire arm from the shoulder to the wrist across his face: "never you mind, Emmeline, what I have been a-doin', but I ken tell you I ain't went through sixty years without a-knowin' what I'm about."

Then he called Reuel and said: "Fetch down the gun and axe."

His wife thought he was going to chop in the woods, and was taking the gun to be prepared for any edible bird or animal that might happen along. But when he commenced to chop the gun to pieces, her amazement was beyond description.

"Why, law sakes, Sned Skinflint, I never seed such goings on afore; what in the world 's the matter of you?"

"Jeewhittaker," exclaimed Uncle Skinflint: "that gun ain't worth a cuss now. I'll bet my buckwheat-crop agin a sour-apple, Samantha'll have a better show now."

"Say, air you crazy, Sned Skinflint?" inquired Mrs. Skinflint, holding her hands in indescribable horror: "air you gone stark mad crazy, Sned Skinflint?"

"Emmeline Skinflint!" exclaimed Sned, without paying the slightest attention to the criticisms she had been making so freely: "Emmeline Skinflint, do you know them cow-hide boots that I was telling of you about last night?"

"You mean them as you was a-sayin' you was goin' to buy after pig-killin'?"

"Them very same, Emmeline."

She was obliged to respond in the affirmative.

"Well, I ain't a-goin' to buy 'em."

"Reuel," he shouted, after he had made the above profound statement: "you go up and bring down them old boots of mine."

When Reuel appeared with the boots, old Uncle Skinflint held them by the legs, laid the feet on the chopping-block, and commenced hacking them to pieces.

"Now, then, Samantha will have a better show."

"What has Samantha got to do with this?" demanded Mrs. Skinflint.

"Jest this much," replied Sned: "every man around here 's afeared to come and see Samantha. They're afeared of the dog, the gun and my boots. Now I'm a-goin' to put up a notice in Lish Bishop's store that I've pulled out the dog's teeth, chopped up my gun and boots, only wear rubbers, and that I keep the fire goin' all night. Then, Emmeline, I want you to set out cider an' pumpkin-pies an' cookies in the parlor, and then we'll get Samantha married."

And as old Sned Skinflint walked in to breakfast, his wife smiled a smile several sizes too large for her face, and congratulated herself on possessing a husband with a matrimonial head at once large, clear and level.

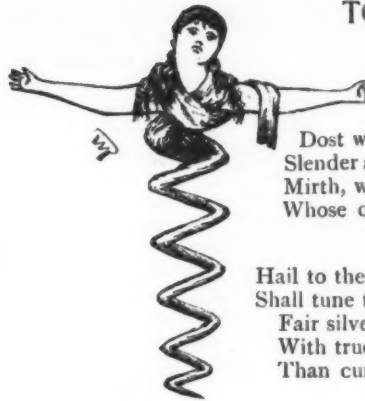
R. K. M.

ELEVEN OLD ladies held a tea-party at Arcade, N. Y., last week. Their united ages amounted to eight hundred and five years. Dion Boucicault was invited to make up the even thousand; but he had an engagement to get married, and could n't go.

DR. FRANTZEL, of Berlin, says that the choice Havana cigars are more injurious to smokers than the cheaper brands. This may account for McCabe's present ill-health.

AN AMATEUR artist from Philadelphia has fitted up an old chateau near Meissonier's country-seat at Poissy, and proposes to use it as a studio. Meissonier will move to Philadelphia next month, as he fears the competition.

TO A CORKSCREW.



THOU who to burdened brain and troubled heart

Dost wind thy way with gently sinuous art,
Slender and graceful curled, with skill divine,
Mirth, wit, and revelry are ever thine,
Whose office 'tis to seek and free the captive wine.

Hail to thee! Men below and gods above
Shall tune their lays of homage and of love.
Fair silver ringlet! thou dost ever cling
With truer faith to peasant and to king,
Than curls of brown or gold that love-sick poets sing.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

THE THRONE on which Queen Victoria sat when she opened the Liverpool exhibition is for sale. The rumor that Cyrus W. Field has made a bid for it, and is to give it a dinner on its arrival is a rumor.

DR. MORIN, of Paris, will please accept our sincere thanks. He declares that earrings are unhealthful. This lets us out on a pair of old mine stones which have aroused the cupidity of a lady very dear to us.

THE AUGUSTA post-office recently froze up solid in spite of extra fires, and the cause was not discovered until a two-line letter from Mr. Conkling to Mr. Blaine came to light. The letter was burned, and now all is serene.

SAM JONES and Sam Small were presented with three thousand dollars by the citizens of Toronto on their departure from that city. The leave-taking came high; but it was a question of the Sams or the devil, and the people chose the latter.

WHEN MISS EASTLAKE was introduced to a Boston lady, the latter remarked: "So glad to see you. I've got two rooms furnished in your style, and they're too comfortable and cosey for anything."

F. MARION CRAWFORD calls his new novel, "By the Waters of Paradise." Staten Island on the Kill Von Kull side did not furnish the inspiration.

THE ENGLISH STYLE OF HORSEBACK RIDING.



THE HIGHER YOU BOUNCE, THE MORE FASHIONABLE YOU ARE.

LACKING INGREDIENTS.



GUEST (*dubiously*).—Waiter, this fish—
WAITER (*hastily*).—Yes, sah, red pepper, sah, Worcestershire sauce, sah. Put plenty o' salt on dat fish, sah; it am too fresh, sir. All right now, sah?
GUEST.—Yes; it's all right now.

THE VANDAL HUMORIST.

THE rare delight in "personals" about authors!

O, the "illegible chirography!" O, the "copper-plate neatness of the MS.!" O, for Cicero's command of the vocative to exclaim of this matter acceptably to the taste of royalty!

How noble is human nature! We eagerly devour any information concerning the making of literature—there being no possibility of our ever having any literature to make, whereas, if we see an article headed: "How to Remove Grease-Spots," or: "How to Make Nice Cod-fish Balls," we give it the giddy go-by, though aware that it might prove of much practical advantage in our business.

Yesterday, with the design of securing some of these captain jewels in the carcanet of literary gossip, I started out to interview a distinguished author. The house to which I had been directed was a double one.

"Does the writin' feller live here?" I asked of a passing peasant, pointing at the nearer door, and using the phrase with which the lowly masses speak of our great literary men.

"You bet your life," said the peasant.

Overlooking the preposterousness of the reply, I entered at the designated door, and once in the author's presence, made known the object of my search.

"Any of those charming idiosyncrasies," I said: "those bits of gossip—"

What was this! The author struck hand-on-hand as one who meets a long-dreaded doom.

"It has come!" he cried.

Singularly enough, his face retained an expression of the utmost cheerfulness. Presently he shook off a terrible despair that had not previously been observable, and remarked in a hollow, blithe voice:

"Everything must now be revealed. Your visit will be fruitless. No 'interesting bit of gossip' attaches to me."

My heart sank with unexplained forebodings.

"In the first place, I do not carry a horse-chestnut!"

"Gracious!" I gasped.

"I do not find my mind clearest at four in the morning."

"Horrors!"

"My study-windows do not command the world's entire collection of valuable scenery. As I lift my eyes from my writing, I can not see the grand old what-you-call-it of the what-is-it."

"You can't?"

"Moreover, if my talent lay principally in

the direction of regarding, I would instantly eschew literature."

"May one ask what profession you would choose?"

"Certainly; I would hire out to a farmer to watch a gap. Again, I do not still cling to the 'gray goose-quill,' and I have not 'adorned the space over my desk' with a 'really fine engraving of Emerson.'"

"Heavens!"

"I do not write, 'say from eight to twelve, and take the rest of the day with my family.' My family, I will state, are not in a state of suspended animation, waiting for me to be with them—"

"Horrors!"

"Unlike all other authors, I do not possess a 'fine collection of pipes, rich meerschaums and Oriental narghilies.'"

"Spare me!"

"I am not famous, either—as poor men usually are—for my 'exquisite taste in wines.'"

"Murder!"

"Worst of all, I am not noted for the 'graceful hospitality dispensed at the legend-haunted cottage of—'"

"Treason!"

"I am not descended from the Whitneys, the Mathers, the—"

"Hydrophobia!"

"I do not carry a beautiful umbrella, a 'gift from the Duke of Weimar.'"

"Fire! Nihilism!—"

"My eldest son is not developing remarkable literary talent."

"Polygamy!"

"I have had large quantities of pieces rejected."

"Three strikes!"

"I was not present the other evening at a notable reception to Boston's *literati*; no one is printing an *edition de luxe* of my earlier poems; my hair is not growing a little gray on the temples, but Time is not dealing gently with the kindly writer; I do not take the greatest interest in our younger authors; I am not just learning to ride a bicycle; I—"

"Six balls! Foul—Out!"

"In fact, the distinguished author who makes a business of these things, lives next door. I am only a humorist—"

* * *

"Will you kindly inform me when the next train starts?" I asked with cutting significance.

"Yes; in four minutes. The last one left half-an-hour ago; but why wait for either—"

"Sir-r-r-r?" I said haughtily.

"I was merely about to ask, why wait for either, when, if you traveled at all commensurably with my wishes, you could easily overtake the one that passed day before yesterday."

WILLISTON FISH.

BODY-SNATCHERS OPENED the grave of Henry Herson, of Indianapolis, dragged him out, and ran away on finding that he was alive. Henry says that on his part it was an emphatic retiring from the turf.

BABY CARRIAGES are made to cost \$375. If the baby who rides in one of these carriages inherits its papa's and mamma's mental calibre, we would value the whole turnout at three hundred and seventy-five dollars.



OLD MAN, we want to whisper in your ear, and we will whisper kindly. If you have ever sawed six cords of wood, fed four horses, and milked twenty cows before breakfast, in the dim distant past, when you could jump higher and further than anybody in seventeen counties, don't say anything about it to the intelligent people of this generation. The chestnut-bell may be a chestnut, but its chimes are still heard in the land.

SOME PEOPLE affect to say that it is not good form to have one's boots blacked on the street. If to hold such superior relations with a swarthy son of Italy with gold rings in his ears, the petrified bodies of whose ancestors may have slept for ages in the catacombs of Rome, isn't high-toned, then our knowledge of what's what is monumentally and mortifyingly deficient.

WHAT IS the most trying time in the life of an old maid, Erastus? It is when she is cutting her second set of false teeth. Oh, certainly we will, with pleasure. Waiter, a little equinoxtail-soup for two!

A MAN IN Paterson, New Jersey, is to publish a history of the town. If he goes into details, there will be no inhabitants to read it after one day's issue. They'll shoot each other.

PATENT-LEATHER TIPS are again fashionable in shoes, says an exchange. This is the style of tip that is most appropriate to give the waiter—where it will do the most good.

A VERMONT FARMER who invented a cow-tail holder lost twelve quarts of milk and the skin off his ankles on its first trial.

IT IS no trouble to meet a bill. But to get out of the way of it is most difficult.

CHRISTIAN-LIKE.



MRS.—Didn't you wear my dress to church?

SERVANT.—I did, Mum. Thinks I to meself if ther missis won't go to church, I'll go and represint her absence be ther dress she wears!

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"Have ye got any raw oysters?" asked a newly-wedded countryman of the waiter.

"Yes, sir; how many will you have?"

"How many had I better git, Miranda?" he said, turning to the bride.

"Well, I dunno, John," she replied, blushing becomingly: "but I feel 's though I could eat a hull can."

TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

MRS. LANGTRY'S back is as handsome as ever.
This is newspaper talk. Nothing official about it.

THE DUKE of Marlborough values his Blenheim "Madonna" at \$350,000. This includes the frame.

ALL THAT is required to write a palindrome is pen, ink, paper and brains. Here we go:
Ab cde fg hijk jih gfed cba.

BISHOP BOOM, of Shanghai, China, has just been presented with a ring of massive gold, beautifully engraved, and set with an amethyst, cut with the motto: "Fide non Armis." Four diamonds add to the pawnable qualities of the present.

"ERNEST PLOTZ, the butterfly specialist, is dead. He painted ten thousand different illustrations for his catalogue, with his own hands." Napoleon Bonaparte died, too.

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ENGLAND EXPECTS every man to do his duty save the Prince of Wales. He has n't any duty to do.

OUT FOR A MOMENT.

STRANGER (to office boy).—Is Mr. Cyrus W. Field in?

OFFICE BOY.—No, sir. He just stepped out to bring a suit for a couple o' million dollars; but he'll be back in a minute.

THE SEVEN-CENT GIRL.

JESSICA smiles in the rosiest dream,
Like a lily asleep on a midsummer stream,
And her heart is as light as the breeze that blows
The dew from the heart of the velvety rose.

She thinks of the shoppers who float right along
Through the various stores like a ripple of song;
The Irish, the French, and the Germans and Scotch,
Through the stores of Jones, Smithers, Mulcahy and Boch.

When Jessica's sad, it's the time that she wails
For the rapture that lurks in all sixty-cent sales;
When the trim little sealskin, constructed of plush,
Goes off at six dollars, and goes with a rush.

And when in her fancy the bargains she paints,
The features she wears are the average saint's;
And she trips round the room like an opera fay,
When she dreams the delights of a handkerchief-day.

But when she is married the chances are that
She'll swell in a sealskin and forty-doll. hat;
And the husband will say that he captured no pearl
In the heart of his dear little seven-cent girl.



LACKING INGREDIENTS.



GUEST (*dubiously*).—Waiter, this fish—
WAITER (*hastily*).—Yes, sah, red pepper, sah, Wor-
chestershire sauce, sah. Put plenty o' salt on dat fish,
sah; it am too fresh, sir. All right now, sah?
GUEST.—Yes; it's all right now.

THE VANDAL HUMORIST.

THE rare delight in "personals" about au-
thors!

O, the "illegible chirography!" O, the "cop-
per-plate neatness of the MS.!" O, for Cic-
ero's command of the vocative to exclaim of
this matter acceptably to the taste of royalty!

How noble is human nature! We eagerly de-
vour any information concerning the making
of literature—there being no possibility of our
ever having any literature to make, whereas, if
we see an article headed: "How to Remove
Grease-Spots," or: "How to Make Nice Cod-
fish Balls," we give it the giddy go-by, though
aware that it might prove of much practical
advantage in our business.

Yesterday, with the design of securing some
of these captain jewels in the carcanet of liter-
ary gossip, I started out to interview a distin-
guished author. The house to which I had been
directed was a double one.

"Does the writin' feller live here?" I asked
of a passing peasant, pointing at the nearer
door, and using the phrase with which the low-
ly masses speak of our great literary men.

"You bet your life," said the peasant.

Overlooking the preposterousness of the re-
ply, I entered at the designated door, and once
in the author's presence, made known the ob-
ject of my search.

"Any of those charming idiosyncrasies," I
said: "those bits of gossip—"

What was this! The author struck hand-on-
hand as one who meets a long-dreaded doom.

"It has come!" he cried.

Singularly enough, his face retained an ex-
pression of the utmost cheerfulness. Presently
he shook off a terrible despair that had not pre-
viously been observable, and remarked in a hol-
low, blithe voice:

"Everything must now be revealed. Your
visit will be fruitless. No 'interesting bit of
gossip' attaches to me."

My heart sank with unexplained forebodings.

"In the first place, I do not carry a horse-
chestnut!"

"Gracious!" I gasped.

"I do not find my mind clearest at four in
the morning."

"Horrors!"

"My study-windows do not command the
world's entire collection of valuable scenery.
As I lift my eyes from my writing, I can not
see the grand old what-you-call-it of the what-
is-it."

"You can't?"

"Moreover, if my talent lay principally in

the direction of regarding, I would instantly
eschew literature."

"May one ask what profession you would
choose?"

"Certainly; I would hire out to a farmer to
watch a gap. Again, I do not still cling to the
'gray goose-quill,' and I have not 'adorned the
space over my desk' with a 'really fine engrav-
ing of Emerson.'"

"Heavens!"

"I do not write, 'say from eight to twelve,
and take the rest of the day with my family.'
My family, I will state, are not in a state of sus-
pended animation, waiting for me to be with
them—"

"Horrors!"

"Unlike all other authors, I do not possess a
'fine collection of pipes, rich meerschaums and
Oriental narghilies.'"

"Spare me!"

"I am not famous, either—as poor men usu-
ally are—for my 'exquisite taste in wines.'"

"Murder!"

"Worst of all, I am not noted for the 'grace-
ful hospitality dispensed at the legend-haunted
cottage of—'"

"Treason!"

"I am not descended from the Whitneys, the
Mathers, the—"

"Hydrophobia!"

"I do not carry a beautiful umbrella, a gift
from the Duke of Weimar."

"Fire! Nihilism!—"

"My eldest son is not developing remarkable
literary talent."

"Polygamy!"

"I have had large quantities of pieces re-
jected."

"Three strikes!"

"I was not present the other evening at a
notable reception to Boston's *literati*; no one
is printing an *edition de luxe* of my earlier po-
ems; my hair is not growing a little gray on
the temples, but Time is not dealing gently
with the kindly writer; I do not take the great-
est interest in our younger authors; I am not
just learning to ride a bicycle; I—"

"Six balls! Foul—Out!"

"In fact, the distinguished
author who makes a business of
these things, lives next door. I
am only a humorist—"

* * *

"Will you kindly inform me
when the next train starts?" I
asked with cutting significance.

"Yes; in four minutes. The
last one left half-an-hour ago;
but why wait for either—"

"Sir-r-r-r-r!" I said haughtily.

"I was merely about to ask,
why wait for either, when, if you
traveled at all commensurably
with my wishes, you could easily
overtake the one that passed day
before yesterday."

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A THANKSGIVING DINNER

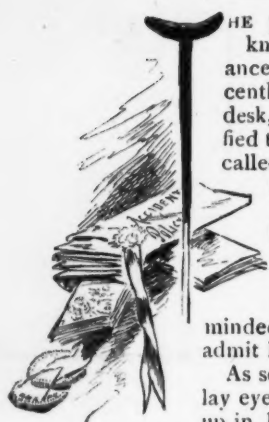
ROWING POPULARITY.



J. Ottmann, Lith. PUCK BUILDING N.Y.

DINING DINER À LA DAMOCLES.

HIS GREAT SCHEME.



THE president of a well-known Accident Insurance Company was recently very busy at his desk, when he was notified that a young man had called to see him on business.

Thinking that perhaps the object of his visit was to take out a policy, the president absently told the clerk to admit him.

As soon as the president lay eyes on him, he curled up in his chair like an autumn leaf, and looked the picture of a man who is at peace with all the world, and only mad at and dissatisfied with himself.

"I don't want to put in any 'ads.' to-day," he began, for he knew it was an agent from some newspaper office.

"I will not occupy your valuable time for more than a minute or so," replied the agent: "but I would crave your indulgence for that period, as I have a great advertising scheme to



lay before you. One that is entirely novel and original, and one that will prove very attractive to prospective policy-holders. In the first place, I have, by actual statistical study, ascertained that of all the people in the United States—

"I wish you would have the kindness to excuse me," said the president: "I am very busy now."

"So am I," replied the caller: "I am very busy trying to lift you higher on the airy wings of fortune. You must, therefore, excuse me from pausing at this vital period of my argument. You want me to leave you because you are busy. If you entertain my scheme, you will have no use for business in the course of another moon or two. You can make more by following my scheme in a week, than you can at what you are at in a year. Now, as I said before, I have made a careful digest of the statistics of the—"

"Really," said the president: "I am very busy just now: can't you call to-morrow?"

"I can not; I shall be in Buffalo to-morrow, and I never like to put off till to-morrow the 'ad.' that I can get to-day. If you supposed

my scheme were of half the importance that I say it is, you would have time to listen to my tender narrative, which is a string of golden facts well calculated to wake pleasant dreams of wealth in the soul of the hearer. But as you don't feel inclined to give me that respectful attention that you would probably lavish on a glass of beer, my only inference is that you think I came in here to waste your time in asking you conundrums."

"Perhaps I do think so," said the President.

"Well, then, I shall invent some for you: Why is the purple orang-outang in the mango-tree like the grandson of the undertaker's chief creditor sharpening his knife on his boot?"

The president seemed dazed.

"Then I will give you an easier one," continued the agent, as he seated himself: "How long does the giraffe think his neck is when he has an ulcerated sore throat?"

"I see you can't guess it, so here is another: What is the difference between a baby who has just swallowed a paper of pins and a goat sitting at the top of a liberty pole eating a chromo portrait of George Washington?"

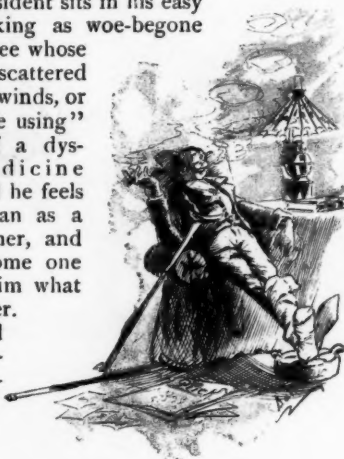
"If you don't get out, I'll have you put out!" said the president, in a rage.

"If you put me out, I shall spoil your business by springing my great scheme on a rival company. My desire is to make you rich on commission. I make you a millionaire and you pay me ten per cent., or, if you prefer, you make me a millionaire and I'll give you ten per cent. Either way we both get rich. As I was just remarking, a careful statistical study, which is the only true argument, enables me to state that out of every ten men—"

But he was broken off like a stick of candy by the president, who grabbed him by the coat-collar, and ran him through the door, and hurled him over the balusters. In an eighth of a second the agent landed on the walk. In his descent he tried to turn so that he would strike on his jaw and escape injury. But his calculations were wrong, and he came in contact with the sidewalk in such a way as to break a leg.

The president sits in his easy chair, looking as woe-begone as a rose-tree whose roses are scattered to the four winds, or the "before using" portrait of a dyspepsia medicine "ad." And he feels just as mean as a Jersey farmer, and is afraid some one will ask him what is the matter.

This world is full of sorrow and dis-



A FAVORABLE TIME.



He was an ardent, but economical lover, and had been courting her for three months.

"When do you think, dearest," he said, as they sat near the moonlit window one evening: "that the moon appears at its best?"

"I think," she replied: "that the moon always looks the loveliest when one is returning home from the opera."

appointment, and just as we are skipping along, full of smiles and contentment, we strike the orange-peel of fate, and go sprawling on our backs.

We will not laugh too hard at the president, but rather sympathize with him, and pretend to be unaware of his suffering, as becomes one full of a charitable spirit.

The man he had thrown down stairs was really a policy-holder in the company, and the president is mad simply because he is signing the check which indemnifies the victim for his injuries—four hundred dollars—eight weeks at fifty each.

R. K. M.

A DISPATCH SAYS that James Stimpson, the organist who died in Birmingham, played at the first performance of "Elijah." We don't believe it. Elijah's first performance was probably to yell until the nurse fainted, and there was undoubtedly noise enough without Stimpson and his organ.

STEFANO MERIATTI, the faster of Paris, once lived in New York. The fact that he lived in a four-dollar boarding-house while here, will smooth down our wonder as to the possibility of his completing his thirty days of abstinence.

NOW THAT efforts are being made tending toward the bettering of base-ball rules, we would like to suggest something: Make it a rule not to charge fifty cents to see a twenty-five cent game.

A MADRID NEWSPAPER was seized five times within a week for slurs on the infant King. This is a free country, and who's afraid? The King of Spain is a sucker.

THERE HAS been a very high run in the Atlantic tides during the past month. Let's see. Mrs. James Brown Potter *did* leave for Europe, did n't she?

THE SUM of twenty thousand dollars is enough to turn a man's head. It has made an Alderman crazy.

AN APPROPRIATE MOTTO.



LANDLADY (*to clerk*).—I want an appropriate motto for my dining-room. "Welcome, Stranger," or something like that.

CLERK (*looking over shelves*).—"Welcome, Strangers" seem to be all gone, Madam. How would "Prepare to Meet Thy God" do?

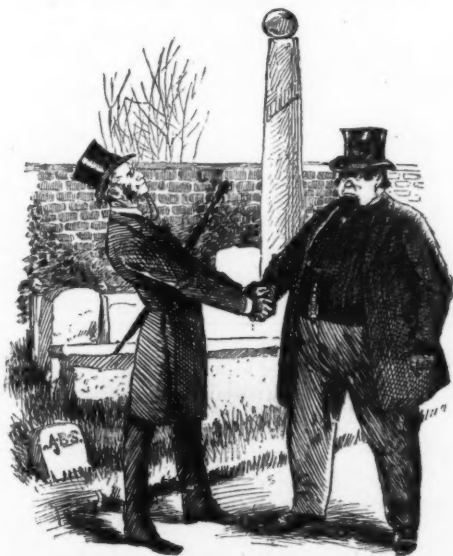
A THEATRICAL SNOW-STORM.

Down through the rosy gaslight delicate little bits of paper flutter and light noiselessly upon the boards. It is a theatrical snowstorm, falling upon balmy green trees, to which not a flake adheres, because they are canvas-back trees, painted one color, that never changes unless they happen to fade.

And not a flake sticks to the canvas-house, before which the young man in the liver-colored overcoat stands with his high hat in one hand, making gestures and recalling the joys of childhood's happy days in "me old home, etc.," because that house is only an inch thick, and the door opens on nothing but wind.

The snow is not moist, either—how could such Dempsey and Carroll snow be anything but dry? It is nice cream-laid snow, and that is the reason the "bewchus" maid can walk through it in her dainty French slippers, without catching cold. The starving old woman, with the water-proof cloak wrapped around her

UNSATISFACTORY IN ALL WAYS.



REVEREND MR. GOLIGHTLY (*to the local Stonemason*).—My dear Mr. Chizzle, I must compliment you on the artistic beauty of the monument you have erected over the grave of our late fellow-townsmen—over the remains of the good Benjamin Phactor. It is superb! But, dear me, you don't look pleased!

CHIZZLE.—Well, I'll tell ye, sir. Fact is, the monnyment 's settled—an' the bill ain't.

head, does n't freeze in it. Although she shivers, she is as warm as a house-cat, in the best imported underclothing.

And the paper snow-storm does n't increase her appetite, either. If it did, people would have note-paper snow-storms sprinkled on them in restaurants before dinner, instead of demolishing cocktails for an appetite.

It is always amusing to see the wealthy banker standing in one of these snow-storms, dressed in furs, and perspiring as freely as though in a Turkish bath.

And it is amusing to see young women weep at the sight of the drunkard falling in the snow beside the iron fence made of wood and painted black. This actor is not intoxicated. He probably has not had even a beer impure and simple for a week. And beside, four salaries would not purchase enough to get him into such a condition. And then, when you come to reflect on the fact that he has walked home from Arizona in snow-storms and cyclones, it must weary the imagination to believe that he could thus go to pieces in a snow-storm that is being sifted on him out of a dredger.

But the beauty of a theatrical snow-storm is the size and shape of the flakes. And sometimes it will snow hard on one side of the stage, and not at all on the other. And then it never turns into rain, and it is impossible to make snow-balls of it. But perhaps the queerest thing of all is that one theatrical snow-storm in good condition will last a company years, and can be used over and over again at any and all seasons of the year until it becomes soiled, when it can be used for lighting the fire.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

YES, we are going to have a London letter after this; a letter which will detail all the current social and theatrical gossip of the great Metropolis. We have engaged a correspondent who has been doing similar work for various New York dailies for years, and he says he knows exactly what the public wants. His copy has just arrived. Here it is:

LONDON, November, 1886.

The weather here is cool and bracing.

We regret that the remainder of the letter is unfit for publication. It seems, however, well suited to the columns of most of our E. daily C.'s, and any one of them can have it by applying at the office of PUCK, and paying expenses. We shall cable further instructions to our correspondent.

"THE INFANT King of Spain has received three orders from the King of Portugal," They are not described, but from experience we presume that they were: "Take your thumb out of your mouth!" "Stop drooling!" and "Keep your fists out of your eyes!"

GEORGE W. SMALLEY, the London correspondent, is visiting James Russell Lowell at his home in Southboro, and at last accounts, Lowell was afflicted with a bad form of literary lock-jaw.

BROOKLYN LADIES, it is said, have decided to abandon the use of birds on their hats as a means of adornment. This is probably because hats are getting so large in size that nothing short of a sea-gull would make a show on them.

ERE THIS reaches you, dear reader, Mrs. James Brown Potter will be in Europe.

ARCHER has won another race—the race of life. He was in at the death.



WM. H. CROCKER is to be married, and his father is to present him with one of the handsomest houses in San Francisco. A wise father is worth two in the bush.

WHEN A Delaware man saw the Wm. E. Dodge statue at Sixth Avenue and Broadway, he remarked to a friend: "That man must be honest. When we put 'em in the pillory down where I come from, we have to stick their heads through a hole and fasten their hands. How long 's he up for?"

"A PRINCESS OF the realm is employed as a waiter in a Milan hotel." That's nothing. We know of a milk-dairy where the waiters are all Empresses—at least they think they are.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who ask it, my book, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The improved Hickok Calcium Burner is sold everywhere. It is a wonderful burner.



A HIDEOUS DEATH.

CHARLES. — Lucilla, dear, have you heard that von Gumpelhauser, the famous trombonist, has died from breaking the valve of his instrument?

LUCILLA.—But I don't see how that could kill him.

CHARLES.—Oh, he was playing a Wagner aria, and some of the music slipped back and got down his throat, causing internal injuries, of which he died.

Had the unfortunate victim of art a policy in the United States Mutual Accident Association? 320 Broadway, New York.

Records on the "MARLBORO TANDEM" (Tricycle.)
250 Miles in 24 hours, by W. J. Morgan and Miss Louise
Armaindo. Lynn, Oct. 19th.

20 Miles in 1 hour, 6 minutes, 12 2-5 seconds. Lynn, Oct. 23rd.

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"DOCTOR, I am going to organize a course of
athletic training in connection with the theo-
logical department."

"Right, professor, quite right; lay out a good
quarter-mile course, so that he who reads may
run." The only trouble is, that so many of the
fellows run "a heap sight" faster than they
read. That is because they run by sight and
read by ear.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

HERE'S "To the next election, and many
happy returns."—*N. O. Picayune*.

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Carriage and Lap Robes,

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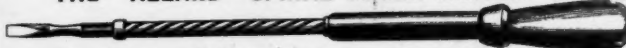
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It softens the beard, soothes the skin. Its lather is heavy, and does not dry on the face. It has no equal. All Druggists keep it. Avoid Imitations. Trial Sample by Mail, 12 cts.

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Dr. Loomis, formerly of No. 88 Fifth Ave., New York City, has removed to No. 54 West 23rd St. During the years 1884-85-86 thousands have used the batteries under his directions with marvelous results. The blind have been enabled to see, and the deaf to hear. People suffering with catarrh, in some cases between 30 and 40 years, al on neuralgia, hay fever, asthma, nervous headache, colds, etc., etc., have been cured. Sufferers are requested to investigate: one treatment without charge. Catalogue sent upon application. Mention Puck. Address 751

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Price, Twenty-Five Cents. For Sale Everywhere.

"THE ceiling is very low," said the stranger who was looking at lodgings.

"Yes," said the landlady: "but it will cost you so much less to heat the room."

"But there's no register and no place for a stove."

"Of course not, you could n't stand it in such a low room."

"But it will be cold as Greenland."

"Nonsense, you could n't crowd enough cold into such a small room to feel it. If it were a large room, now, you might talk."

"But the rent is very high."

"That makes up for the low ceiling."

He yields to the inevitable, and takes it.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

MRS. DONOVIN.—Good-mornin' to yez, Mither Murphy; shure, 'tis an early birrud yez are this blissid mornin'.

MR. MURPHY.—Thruve for yez, Missis Donovan; but 'tis a trifle more than a day's job Oi have here, so Oi sez to meself Oi'll jist shart in an hour befoor Oi commence, an' wurruk an hour or so afther Oi quit, wid maybe the laste bit in the wurruld while Oi'm restin' at noon, an' so Oi'll have it done betwixt daylight an' darruk.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HE.—From the wapt exprethion of your fathe, Mith Mawy, I know that thith autumnal thunthet awoutheth thought of deepeth then-timent in your mind.

SHE.—Y-e-s; I was thinking what a jolly good lot of colors they'd be, if I could only get them, for my crazy-quilt.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCHUYLKILL COUNTY lyceums are discussing the vital question whether a good dog is of more value than a good gun. A dog eats more than a gun; but it does n't go off and kill a man when it is not loaded. It is a difficult problem to decide.—*Norristown Herald.*

GERONIMO preferred being sent to a warm climate, where he could live in the winter and keep his wig warm.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

For Sick Headache.

Dr. N. S. READ, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia and diminished vitality."

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PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

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Price, Twenty-Five Cents. For Sale Everywhere.

THE maiden sat so near my arm,
Around her waist I threw it,
And then, not meaning any harm,
I kissed her ere she knew it.

She threw one angry glance at me,
Her face grew red, and then
She frowned, and said: "I'd like to see
You just try that again."

"Why, certainly, sweet maid," I said,
I did—could I be blamed?
This time she only blushed, and said:
"You ought to be ashamed!"

—Boston Courier.

It is said that some of the Western railroads even control the religion along their lines. A new resident of Ellendale, Dakota, handed in a letter to one of the churches, and was asked: "Did you come by the Blank & Blank Railroad?"

"No."
"Do you patronize the company's elevator at this station?"

"No."
"Have you signed a petition for lower freight rates?"

"I have."
"Then you had better take back your letter and apply to the Baptist Church, two blocks down and around the corner. That church hauls most everything by mule teams, while we stand in with the railroad."—Wall Street News.

"OCONOMOWOC!" yelled the brakeman. "O'Connor may walk, may he!" exclaimed an Irishman at the other end of the car. "An' faith, if yes mane me, you'll have a foine time makin' O'Connor walk whin he's paid foive dollars for this bit o' pasteboard."—St. Paul Herald.

How to Make Money.

No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$3 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not needed; Hallett & Co. will start you. Either sex; all ages. Those who commence at once will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for yourselves.

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AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Inherited, Scrofulous and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poison-us elements, and removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Eruptions, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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THE IMPROVED HICKOK CALCIUM BURNER.

Gives a light of 60 candle power, equal to seven common burners, and will fit any ordinary lamp. This burner has been much improved during the past year, and we can now guarantee it to be the best lamp burner in the world. It gives a larger light than any other burner and equal to four student lamps. As a reading light it has no equal. Once used becomes indispensable. Price, Burner and Chimney, \$1.25.

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J. ROTHSCHILD, Importer of Fine French Millinery.

New York, 56 & 58 West 14th St.
Brooklyn, 269 & 271 Fulton St.
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Philadelphia, 1022 Chestnut St.
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We are now offering 500 of the most elegantly

TRIMMED BONNETS and ROUND HATS
ever seen in this country, which are marked at figures to suit all purchase s.

EVERY HAT OR BONNET IS A GENUINE BARGAIN.

In untrimmed Millinery Goods we offer everything pertaining to Ladies', Misses' and Children's Millinery, and our assortment of

FELT HATS and BONNETS

in the **LATEST SHAPES**, of Ostrich and Fancy Feathers, Ribbons, Silks, Velvets, Jet Laces and Ornaments, etc., etc., is unsurpassed.

ALL AT LOWEST PRICES.

ARNHEIM'S BOWERY, Corner Spring Street. "SATISFACTION."

A WELL SATISFIED CUSTOMER IS THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT, AND ALL OUR EFFORTS AIM THAT EACH AND EVERY ONE SHALL BE AS SUCH.

THE THOROUGH SKILLED ARTISTS IN THE CUTTING AND MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENTS, COMBINED WITH THE EXCELLENCE OF OUR STOCK, ARE BOUND TO SATISFY IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

WE WISH TO CALL ATTENTION TO OUR "SPECIMEN GARMENTS," WHICH ARE GOOD INDICATORS OF OUR ABILITY, NOT ALONE IN THE STYLE AND MANNER THEY ARE GOT UP, BUT THEIR FINE QUALITY, COAT AND VEST OF FINE ALL-WOOL CASSIMERES, DIAGONALS AND CORKSCREWS, TO ORDER, \$12, \$15, \$16.50 AND \$18; TROUSERS OF THE SAME, \$4, \$5, \$6 AND \$7.

WE HAVE 12 "SPECIMEN OVERCOATS" DISPLAYED THAT REALLY SHOULD BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED, MADE FROM EDRON AND BURLINGTON KERSEYS, CHINCHILLAS, ELYSIANS AND FUR BEAVERS, SILK OR SATIN-LINED TO BUTTON-HOLE, AND LYONS' ALL-SILK VELVET COLLAR, MADE TO ORDER, \$18.

WE GIVE A WRITTEN GUARANTEE TO KEEP ALL OUR GARMENTS IN REPAIR FOR ONE YEAR, FREE OF CHARGE.

SAMPLES AND RULES OF SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT ON APPLICATION.

ARNHEIM'S
Mammoth Tailoring Establishment,
190, 192 and 194 Bowery,
COR. SPRING ST., NEW YORK.

MISSIONARY (from India).—Yes, dear young lady, I have come to teach the American heathen the beauties of Buddhism.

FASHIONABLE MISS.—Oh, we are not heathen. You mistake.

"Indeed! Are you taught that in all things there is design, and that all things are ordered wisely?"

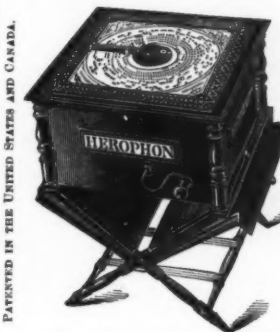
"Oh, yes."

"You amaze me. Tell me what birds were made for?"

"Birds! Why, to grow wings for hats, of course."—
Omaha World.

"When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,"
When cuts, sprains, bruises torment all the day;
Then ease from pain—fom care and hurt is sent
By great Salvation Oil, the standard ment.

The best Holiday Present is the Herophon,



Or Boudoir Organ, playing over 1,000 Pieces. It is the latest novelty in Automatic Musical Instruments, and is constructed on principles exactly opposite to other automatic organs. The tone of the Herophon is not only sweet and powerful; but the music is so well set that it is perfectly adapted for dance music, which no other automatic organ can claim. A fine selection of Music from Operas, Operettas, Songs and Dances always on Hand. Price for the Herophon only \$16.00.

MARTINSEN BROS.

57 Maiden Lane, New York.

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.

Send for price-list.

WATCHES

of every description. Gold, Silver and Nickel Stem-Winders from \$5 to \$100.

A special lot of high grade Silver Key-Winders at less than cost, to close them out.

JEWELRY.

Solid Gold Chains for Ladies from \$6 to \$20; for Men from \$12 to \$50. Lace Pins, Earrings, Scarf-Pins, Cuff-Buttons, Rings, etc., set with Diamonds, from \$5 upwards.

STERLING SILVER for table use in many attractive patterns.

Bargains in Spectacles, Eye and Opera Glasses.

Best quality BRAZILIAN PEBBLES \$2.50 a pair.

Pachtmann & Moelich

363 CANAL STREET,
Near Wooster St. NEW YORK.

ONE MILE SIGNAL WHISTLE

The loudest and most piercingly shrill whistle of its size made. Can be heard up to one mile. The exact size of a .50 calibre U. S. Government Rifle Cartridge. Made of hardened brass with nickel bullet. Invaluable as a signal for locomotives, farmers, sportsmen and all who wish to attract attention at a long distance. Call your men to dinner with it!



See at once the novelty that every one who sees it wants it. You should have it. To introduce our full, expensive, and interesting catalogue of guns, knives, novelties, and useful articles, we will send this whistle and catalogue by mail, post-paid, for only 25 cents in stamps. Address RENNIE & ALLISON MFG. CO., 725 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

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MADE BY
T. G. SELLEW, 111 Fulton Street, New York.



ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER

Is the Standard Remedy for Rheumatism, Weak Back, Pain in the Chest, Coughs, and all local pains. See that you get the genuine, as all other so-called porous plasters are worthless imitations.

H. C. F. Koch & Co.
6th Ave & 20th St.
N.Y.

Now offer among their IMMENSE ASSORTMENT of fine
WINTER WRAPS
the following "SPECIAL:"



No. 1. Check Cloth Newmarket \$6.50

Better quality, \$12.50 & \$16.50.

No. 2. Fine Seal Plush Newmarket (latest shape)... \$48.50

No. 3. Fine Seal Plush Sacque,

can not be equaled for the price,.... \$24.98

English Walking Jackets at half the cost of Importation.

We guarantee every garment to be perfect in shape, style and workmanship.

"To have bought your Wrap or Suit at Koch's is a guarantee that you have the very best and latest styles."

All prepaid parcels delivered free of charge within 75 miles of N. Y. City.

H. C. F. KOCH & CO.,

6th Avenue & 20th Street, New York.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst case. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 125 Pearl St., New York.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

HECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Personally Restores the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Ties available, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials. FREE. Address F. HUSCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.



I wonder what can be the matter!



Something's happened, I'm sure!



John has been run over down-town!



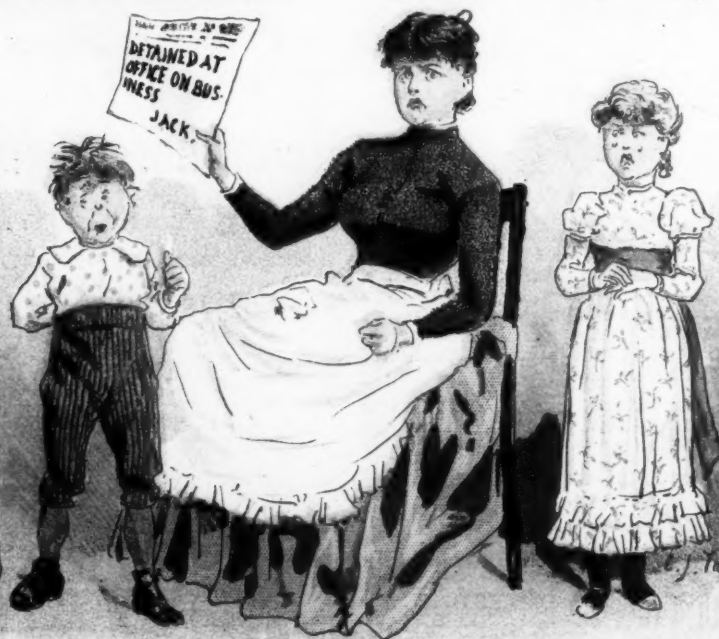
Perhaps Mother's sick?



No, I'm certain it's some awful accident to John!



Oh, why didn't I kiss him good-bye this morning?



What it really was—a chestnut.

SHE GETS A TELEGRAM — AND THIS IS WHAT SHE DOES BEFORE SHE READS IT.